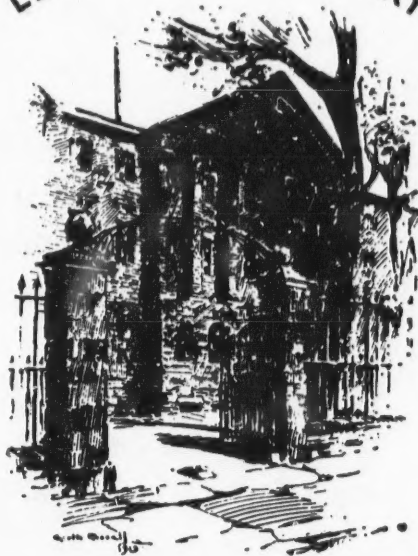


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PROVINCE HOUSE

CLAIRVOYANCE,

E. I. Williams

AND SOME

W. H. T.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

SECOND EDITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B.:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY H. A. CROPLEY.

1876.

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PREFACE.

THE frequent applications made for a copy of the pamphlet on Clairvoyance, which I had printed for private circulation only, and in limited numbers, has induced me to have more struck off, with some additional incidents taken from my original memoranda, and the correspondence which took place between Mr. Vogl and myself, as to the practical, or as some objectors say, the *cui bono* phase of this matter. I discover there are many who would diligently enquire into the dollar and cent part of the question, rather than the more important truth involved. If, however, they arrive at the one, they can scarcely escape the other conclusion. Amongst the various ways in which some of my friends account for my "experience," it is gratifying to feel that in a community where I have been long known, I have not, I believe, been charged either with collusion or wilful misrepresentation. I do not complain of the various solutions given by some unbelievers, as I frankly confess I can scarcely conceive any ordinary evidence which two years since could have induced a belief which I am now compelled to entertain.

Of the two most prominent expositions given by many persons; viz., the agency of the devil, and hallucination: I must as to the first admit, that some three or four years since, when I was told by most reliable persons of certain strange occurrences which took place through a medium in this city, I did not hesitate to put them down to demoniacal agency. This view of the case, however, I need hardly say, has now no place in any

mind whatever. As to the other — hallucination — I cannot exactly comprehend what is meant; if it be that I was not in Boston at all, but only fancied I was, that I never saw either of the persons I supposed I did, nor heard nor saw what I have detailed, but only fancied I did, or that in imagination only by direction of Vogl I dug up a piece of clay in Portland, handled it, sent it to Boston, subsequently sent a barrel of clay, and now see upon my mantel-piece a small cup and tiny jug, manufactured from this clay, sufficiently substantial to shiver any lance of unbelief which may be couched against them by doubting friend or foe;—why, then, I must leave such a theory to such as can entertain it; to me it is unthinkable.

To such of my friends as sincerely regret my departure from a part of my earlier instructions and more orthodox ideas, I can truly say, that could they but entertain the joyous belief that our departed loved ones still live in spirit form, and can be and are at times around and about us to guide and impress for good, instead of remaining in the grave or some unknown place until the last trump shall awaken them, and us, or at least some of us, according to orthodox creeds, to inevitable and never-ending torment, their pity would be turned to joy. The Mosaic account of Adam's fall and sentence, recorded in the third chapter of Genesis, breaths forth no such *terrific curse* against him or his offspring.

To those who are so wise in their own opinions as to pooh! pooh! every thing which is not the emanation of their own intellectual crucible, I would not presume to offer anything either new or old. With those who call me crazy I cannot personally contend, but must leave that issue to the decision of the community.

GEO. BOTSFORD.

Personal Experience of the Subscriber AT BOSTON,

FROM 25th JUNE TO 2nd JULY, 1875.

HAVING seen in some of the newspapers of the day that the wonderful medium, C. H. Foster, was in Boston and would remain there all the month of June last, I, impelled by an almost irresistible desire to see him, which had been upon me for some time previous, left home (Fredericton) on the morning of the 24th June by rail, and arrived at Boston at 6 o'clock, A. M., on the 25th and took up my quarters at the Parker House, where Foster had his rooms. Upon enquiring for him I found that he did not generally sleep at the hotel, but went in the afternoon by train to Salem, where his family resided, and was to be back that morning at 10 o'clock. I had a good wash and change of apparel, and took breakfast at 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock I enquired of one of the waiters if Foster had arrived. He said he had not, but that he would show me his room, where some persons were already waiting for him. I went in and found a lady there, a stranger, of course, to me, as she also appeared to be to Foster. We sat a few minutes conversing on the subject of our visit, and Foster came in. The lady asked me if I was there by appointment. I said no, but presuming that she was, I got up to retire, when Foster said it would be more satisfactory probably if we sat together. Whereupon the lady expressed her willingness, and we sat up to a table in the middle of the room, when Foster told us to write the names of any persons whom we wished to see on slips of paper, and fold them up as closely as we could, so that he could not see or read them. I wrote twelve names on separate slips of paper, and folded each one four double. The lady had hers already written and folded up. Then Foster told us to throw them in the middle of the table and mix them together, which we did, and it was almost impossible for us to distinguish which belonged to one or the other. Foster sat down with a cigar in his mouth, which was scarcely ever out of it except when he was speaking to us. There was no change

in his appearance or manner, and while talking with us in an easy affable way, he said to one of us, I forget which first, here is so and so, naming a person, to see you, and describing their appearance to the very letter, if you asked him, which I did in several instances. In one case however he described the person before giving me the name. We sat for some time conversing with our respective friends and relatives, the lady seeming quite satisfied with her conversation, sometimes given by Foster speaking to us, and sometimes by written messages and answers, which he wrote on some papers he had before him, tore it off and handed to us. During our sitting, Foster looked towards me, said, "here is your Grandmother Richardson." He had scarcely the words out when the lady said, "why, that is my grandmother's name," and she asked a great many questions of her, and was quite satisfied with the replies. Foster said, laughingly, "I thought she came to you, as she is now standing here between you and me." At this sitting there were present, my father, mother, my two sisters, two brothers, my little son Frank, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Derr, one of my old college friends Inglis Haliburton. I do not know how many of the lady's friends were present, but she took up a good deal of the time, and I was so astonished at what had taken place that I could not sufficiently collect my thoughts to ask many questions, yet enough to convince me of the reality of our interview. I asked my sister Sarah whether I was right in giving up the atonement by blood. She replied at once, "you are right; it is entirely wrong." I asked how and where my mother was, she replied, "mother is happy in spirit-land, and is often very near you. Father and mother are both standing near you now." I asked about a gold chain, she said, "I remember the chain given to Fanny and Helen, but can't tell where it is now." She said "hold on to Westcock; buy it back; father wishes you to have Westcock." I also said to my father, "what about Westcock?" He said they wished me to buy it again. I then asked if there was any probability of my ever being able to do so, he said influences would be brought to bear by which I would do so, and at a very low figure. I asked father if he would write his name for me. Foster tore off a small slip of paper, and taking it and a pencil, he put his hand under the table close to me, as we were sitting next each other at the table. I

heard a sort of scratching as if writing, and in about half a minute Foster handed me the paper with William Botsford written backwards on it, so you had to hold the paper up to the light and read it from the other side of the paper. The William was very like my father's writing, but Botsford was not. I then asked mother if she would write her name. Foster did the same thing again, and handed me the paper, with Sarah Botsford. There was no L. in it, as she used to write her name, and although the Sarah was very like her writing, the Botsford was not so much, both from my recollection and from comparing it with one of her letters since my return home. My mother wrote a very peculiar hand, as much unlike Foster's as well could be, and after a further and more minute examination I must say that the similarity between the writing so made under the table and my mother's is most striking and unmistakable. I forgot to write my sister Eliza's name at first, and whilst Foster was talking with the lady I wrote it and put it amongst the rest. Very soon after Foster said, here comes one calling herself Eliza, and full of love for you, expressing her great delight at seeing you, and wishes to shake hands with you. Foster quickly put out his hand towards me, and I seized it without a moment's hesitation, and shook it most cordially, but it very nearly upset me, as I could not but feel that Eliza was there. It was about 11 o'clock now, and having determined in my own mind to have another interview with him, I walked out into town, and going into a book store, I saw some spirit photographs for sale, and upon enquiring whether the person who took them did not live in New York, the clerk in the store said that he lived here in Boston, but he had been told that he had closed his office for taking photographs. He could not tell me in what part of Boston he lived, so I went back to my hotel, and found from the directory his place of residence, and after dinner I started off to find him out if possible, to get a photograph taken. I found his wife at home, but he was not. I told her I wanted to sit for a photograph. She said he had not taken any lately, as he was very busily engaged in some new discovery for taking copies of etchings by sun light, but she said he had promised a gentleman who had come a long distance to get a photograph, to sit next day at 10 A. M., and if I would come about 9 she had no doubt but that I could have a sitting. I arranged to do so. I

had a short conversation with her, and enquired if she knew of any test medium as to minerals. She said that their best test medium had just sailed for Europe, but there was another person, whose name and residence she gave me on a slip of paper, who was very good, and whilst we were talking of this the party himself came in, and she told him she had just given me a reference to him. I then arranged to see him the next day also at 3 o'clock, P. M. It must be remembered here that these people were all strangers to me, and that I had no intention or idea of seeing Mumler before I saw the photograph as mentioned, and I had only been in Boston about 8 or 10 hours, and had not met an individual whom I knew or that knew me.

Next morning, Saturday, 26th June, I went to Mumler's house as arranged. He met me at the door, and ushering me into a nicely furnished drawing room, said, after passing the compliments of the day, that he would be ready in a few minutes for me. He then brought in a cotton screen, and shut off part of the room, or rather the light from the front windows, and having arranged my head in the standard and the focus of the camera, proceeded to take my photograph in the usual way, except that he appeared to be directed as to the process after he had arranged me entirely by rappings, which seemed to me to come from the floor just beyond the camera, whilst he stood near me. The first trial he said was a failure, and he repeated the process again, and then showed me the negative. Of course I could make nothing of it as to the features, but was strongly impressed that it was my sister Sarah from the peculiarity of her figure, one shoulder being lower than the other, and my thoughts naturally suggested the small face to be that of my little son Frank. I then went into another room with Mrs. Mumler to examine a lock of hair of my wife, as she had told me the day before that she had just come in from visiting a patient as a mesmeric physician, and I determined when I went for the photograph to try her, but did not say so to her until after I had sat for a photograph. She took the lock of hair in her hand, and shortly after she became entranced, and to my utter astonishment, as I was totally unprepared for any such thing, addressed me as nearly as I could remember and take down after I got back to my hotel, as follows: "Friend, O what beautiful spirits are here; they are all far advanced in spirit life. There

stands beside you one most beautiful; she has passed away some length of time; she holds in her hand a crown of the most lovely flowers; and there is written something for you about it in large letters." It was in poetry, and I could not remember it. It was to the effect that there was peace and rest where she was, which was for all at last. I asked Mrs. Mumler what her appearance was. She said she resembled me, particularly about the mouth.

She then said, "There is another, older spirit, lovely to look upon, who passed away from here somewhat later than the other; she greets you too."

"O here comes a fine old gentleman who has arrived at a very mature age." I asked what his appearance was. "O he is large, glorious looking, a king man; he has the Bible in his hand and open with his finger on the passage 'O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory.' This man in lifetime thought much on this passage, and was a reader of the Bible; he calls you attention to this, as he reads it now in a different light from what he did formerly. He wishes you to understand that there is no death of the spirit; it was only the body which went into the grave. This is his message to you. Here comes another glorious spirit, an aged lady. O how lovely and good natured she looks. She sends a message to you (this was in poetry, and I could not recollect it) setting forth that in all the struggles of life there was an end to trouble, and would be peace and rest at last. There is another spirit present who seems to have died in infancy. O how beautiful!"

I had no hesitation in concluding that these spirits were those of my father, mother, two sisters, and one of my little boys who died in infancy. Mrs. Mumler then opened her hand which held the lock of hair, and said, "I will now see about this person," and went on and described my wife's state and condition, and her peculiar feelings and difficulties accurately, so far as I could judge from my long acquaintance with her sufferings, and from previous diagnoses of her condition by two other Clairvoyant Physicians, severally made at different times, when they successfully treated her in some dangerous illness. I went immediately to my hotel and wrote off the above. I may here say that up to this time neither Mr. or Mrs. Mumler knew my name, where I was from, or the hotel I was stopping at, as I purposely avoided giving them any such information, nor had they asked me.

After dinner I went to see Mr. Vogl, the mineral man, at the hour appointed. I found him at home, and after shewing me his extensive cabinet of minerals from all countries, we went into a private room, and I told him I had some sort of ore which I wished him to look at. I then placed in his hand a piece of stone I took off from my property in Portland. He looked at it and examined it with his glass, saying there was iron and a very slight appearance of silver in it. I then gave him the plan of it, made by the Surveyor who made the division line between my brother and myself. He immediately pointed to the place on the plan where it seemed to him the piece of stone was taken, which was about the very spot that my brother and myself about two years before had picked it up and broken it to see what it was. He then said he would examine thoroughly, and see me again on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, as he was engaged on Monday, if that would suit me. His further description of this property and what it contains, I do not give here, as it has not yet been fully developed. I then put in his hand a piece of stone I broke off from the rocks at my place in Fredericton. Immediately upon looking at it, he said there is no money in that. I said I wanted to know if it would be worth while to work it as a quarry for building stone. He rather discouraged such idea. He then went on to say that this piece of stone was taken from a sort of ravine, shaped something like the letter S, and the place had a rough looking appearance. This was literally true. And I then asked him if he saw any house near it on the hill. He said he did, and gave a description of it, speaking of the two verandahs and two large windows in the end, and a fountain playing before it. He then said, "As I sit here I see a river flowing along in front of me, and it is one of the finest views I ever saw." We then entered into a long conversation about other things, and of some of his travels. (He was a German, intelligent and sharp.) He did not know my name or my country at this time, nor had I mentioned whether I was a married man or not. After some further conversation on general subjects, he said, "I see a lady at your place," and went on to describe my wife, so that I at once recognized her. Then he said, "I see a girl there, a little taller than the other, with dark hair and eyes," and he gave a full and accurate description of her features, and of her disposition,

so that I recognized my daughter Fanny. He then said, "I see another girl," describing Kate, and said, "she seems to have had her hair cut not long since, by the way it hangs on her shoulders. (This was the case, she having had her hair cropped off some time before this.) He began to talk about something else then, and after a short time I asked him if he saw any one else. "Yes, I see another girl, with lighter hair and eyes than the first, with broader forehead and more pointed chin." And went to describe her so that I could see Helen was the one. "I see a boy about 9 or 10 years of age, with large dreamy eyes, and rather long face," and described my son George. I asked what he was best fitted for in life. He said he could not say, but he seemed to be surrounded with wheels of every kind of machinery. This boy has a wonderful tendency to these things. "I see a little girl from 4 to 6 years of age; she is dressed in a *light dress* with a *blue sash* or belt," describing my youngest daughter Leila. This was entirely correct as I found on my return home. I then asked if there were any more, he said, "there is another boy, older than the one I spoke of," whom I supposed was my son Harry. I asked if there were any more; he said, "yes, there is another little girl, a tender flower," describing Bessie, and at the same time cautioning me as to her liability to have her lungs affected, if allowed to take a severe cold, and told me what to give her if she were so attacked. It is somewhat remarkable that I had been told the same thing of this child, at different times, by two Clairvoyant Physicians when examining her between five and two years since. During this conversation, I several times tried to get him to fix my house in town as the place he saw them, telling him that we were all living there, and not on the hill; he however persisted in saying they were on the hill, and on my return home, I found that they had been all down there, just at the time we were talking in his room, except Harry, who was not there, but young George Allen was with them. I sat talking with Mr. Vogl about 2½ hours, and arranged to see him again on Tuesday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. I have given but a short outline of Mr. Vogl's description of my family, he gave me a full delineation of most of them, not only their appearance, but of their peculiar dispositions and tempers.

Foster was not at the hotel on Saturday nor Sunday. the

26th and 27th June, but on Monday the 28th, I again saw him; his wife or sister, I don't know which, was with him during this sitting. Foster said, "Here is a person who calls himself Henry G. Clopper." I asked Foster to describe his appearance, which he did at once, but as I had never seen Mr. Clopper, I could not judge of the correctness of it, except that it corresponded so far as I could judge with a painting of him, which my wife has. I then asked him if he had a message for his daughter Fannie. Foster took up the pencil immediately and wrote the following, and handed it to me: "I wish you to bear a message of love to my dear daughter, your wife; say to her that I am with her much of the time, and watch over her; I will be near her always, and guard her in the right way.

HENRY G. CLOPPER."

I asked him where she was living now; he replied at once, in the old house at Fredericton." This house was my wife's homestead, but we had occasionally been residing in a new house I had built in another part of the city.

My half brother Murray came, and Foster described his appearance as I remembered him, with the exception of a slight moustache, which I do not recollect. I asked him if he had any message for his daughter Fanny; he said, nothing particular. My brother Chipman came, Foster saying, "here comes a very tall person with a long thin face, with a haggard look, as if he had suffered a good deal; he calls himself Chip, Chip, Chipman." My brother was 6 feet 1 inch in height, and for sometime a great sufferer, and none of his friends who saw him during the two or three last years of his life, can fail, I think, to discover the correctness of this description. I then said, "Chip, where is your son Edwin?" Foster at once said, "Ed. is alive and well, in California." Foster wrote this answer at the same time, and handed it to me. I will here remark that shortly after this, Edwin, whose name I had included amongst the papers, supposing he was dead, came and confirmed his father's statement, in answer to my enquiry.

I was not so much startled at this, because I had in my interview with Vogl been told by him that certain persons whom I knew to be alive, were standing near me, and he described them so accurately, that I could readily conclude who they were. This would rather confirm the doctrine, that the spirits of per-

sors, when in sleep or abnormal condition, has possession of the body, can leave the body, and are not confined to space. This question however, I do not intend to express an opinion upon.

I then asked "Chip," if he would send a message to "Knox." Foster immediately wrote off the following and handed it to me: "Tell brother 'Knox,' that I am near to him at all times, and would assure him of my presence. I am very happy to write to him. CHIP." He used to call the doctor "John Knox." Foster then said, "Here comes a person you don't know; he calls himself Jeremiah, and says that he is your great, great, great grandfather." I asked him in what country he had lived; he said Scotland. I did not ask him any more questions then, but the next time I sat I put his name among my papers. Brother Hazen came again, and I asked Foster to describe his appearance, which he did most accurately, particularly his face and figure. He told me that I would again own Westcock, and buy it back. Foster here observed to me, "Westcock seems to have been formerly owned by you." I said yes, but I had sold it. Inglis Haliburton came again, and told me he died and was buried at sea. An intimate college friend, Trimmingham, came, and said he was drowned going from Halifax to Bermuda. I asked the name of the vessel and captain. Foster at once said the Euclid, Captain Bates. Foster at the same time wrote the name of the Captain and vessel on a piece of paper, and handed to me; it looked something like "Eclid" but he called it Euclid. I then asked how it happened; he said, "in a gale the vessel broke up and all were lost." I have written to Halifax to see if this was the case. LeBaron Drury came; he said he was drowned on a voyage to China. This was contrary to my ideas, from what I had heard of his supposed death. My sister Eliza came again, and I asked her if she remembered our visit to Nova Scotia. Foster replied at once, "yes," and then told me who was with us; viz., Sarah, Edwin, and the Doctor. I did not at that time think the Doctor was there, nor do I now recollect it, but am strongly of the opinion that he was in Scotland at the time. The Doctor has since told me that he never was in Nova Scotia with her. I asked her if she had ever spoken audibly to me since she left this earth; she said, "yes, once." I asked what it was, she replied, she said, "George." In the

winter of 1848, on my way from Boston, I slept all night at Woodstock, and early in the morning whilst lying in bed waiting for a fire to be made on in my room, I heard distinctly some person call me, apparently at the foot of my bed, and thought at the time it was her voice, and a short time after this I told my wife of it. Sarah came again, and I asked her if she was at the photographers with me last week; she said "yes." I asked "did you show yourself?" she said "yes." "Did any one else?" "Yes, Frank." "How was he standing?" "By my side leaning over your shoulder." I had not at this time seen the photograph, but only the negative, as I have stated above.

The afternoon of this day, I went again to Mumler's, to see if my photographs were finished, but finding they were not, I determined to sit again, and see what I could get, and arranged for next morning, 29th June, at 9 o'clock; and according to appointment went there, but found that the water pipes in the house had burst, and would not be repaired for an hour or so. I then went to Vogl's and got his conclusions as to the Portland property, which when fully developed, I will have attached to this statement. After I got through here, I returned to Mumler's, where the workmen were just clearing out, and in a few minutes I sat again, and proceeding in the same way as before, the negative showed a female figure standing behind me; which, from the peculiar slope of her shoulder, struck me as my mother. The photograph from this negative I could not wait for, and it was forwarded to me by mail the following week. I recognized my mother's looks in it, and so have two or three of her old friends here, but some of my brothers do not see the likeness. After I got through with this sitting, I told Mrs. Mumler that I wanted her to be entranced for me again, leading her to suppose it was in reference to the lock of hair she had examined the day before. I asked for a piece of paper and pencil, and when she was entranced, I asked if there were any of those spirits present who were here before. She replied at once as follows, and I took the words down as she spoke them, requesting her to stop at times, when she spoke too quickly for me to write them:

"There are a great many spirits here. I see again the old gentleman, beautiful and glorious, just what he wished to be

before throwing off the material body, and all earth's old divinity. A passage in the Bible seems to cling to him fearfully, and he says while on earth he was always trying to ferret out, but it was a question he could not solve then, for he could not find its conditions. After throwing off the material body the great Book of Life was opened to him, and he says to you, live the life you are now living, for you are surely on the right track, for there is no sting of death, death can't affect the soul, neither can the grave hold it, for even Christ broke asunder the chains of death, and led his captive in triumph, and may they not all who pass through the same change then lead death captive. In coming back we wander over thorns of opposition, we only wish for our doors to be opened, to come in to aid and guide you in your journeyings through life. Mortals should know that when the present shall have faded from their view, another, more beautiful shall arise, and its light shall illumine the whole earth. And that is what is spiritualism, and none shall ask then, know ye of these things, believe ye in them, for all shall believe in the one grand religion that is coming down from God the author of all. You believe it in its childhood to-day; the coming generation will believe in its manhood; the miracles of to-day shall be understood; more glorious truths, more tangible revelations shall be given, and the sons and daughters shall see that God is with them, and the return of the spirits will unseal the great mysteries of the past."

"O here comes another spirit; O how beautiful!" I asked if it was the same, she said, "yes, the same that came a few days ago, she is shaking what seems a thin tissue paper, with golden letters. O how brilliant they are! yes, these are the words:

'There are minutes in youth when the spirit receives
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
 When the folds of the heart in a moment enclose,
 Like the innermost leaves of the heart of the rose.
 These moments to mortals are like dew to the flowers.
 They brighten and freshen like April sun showers.
 O if ever in life one feels that he's blest,
 'Tis when he hears from his loved one's and knows they're at rest.'"

She then said, "yes, for well might you feel blessed, when they come back to give you instruction, for when the spirit has been so bound down with old theology and its fetters burst and set you free, it is really like being let out from a dungeon into the wind and the heat of sunshine."

And closed thus, "may the mantle of the angels be thrown around you, may you be guarded and directed in your footsteps, and may you be borne safely to your journey's end, with crumbs of comfort to the many sufferings you meet on the way." In a few moments after this she resumed her normal condition, and I merely told her what she had been speaking of, and left for my hotel, when I immediately rewrote the whole statement as above. Mrs. Mumler when in trance is controlled by the spirit of the celebrated Physician, the late Dr. Rush of Philadelphia. I have a photograph of her taken whilst so entranced, which shows most distinctly a shadowy form of him standing behind her, with one hand upon her head, and the other extends round in front; the likeness of this form to one of Sully's paintings of Dr. Rush which I have seen is most remarkable. I saw nothing more of them until the next afternoon, when I went and got the photographs first taken.

On Wednesday, the 30th June, I again saw Foster, and held conversations with several persons. LeBaron Drury came again, and I asked him what port he sailed from for China. Foster at once said, "New Orleans." I then asked the name of the vessel. Foster said he did not give it. I asked how it happened; he said, "the ship foundered at sea, and all were lost." My friend Trimmingham came again, and I asked him if he recollected an expression he used to laugh at over our meals, in our rooms at college. Foster told me to write it down and fold it up. I did so, and he then said he did not recollect it. I was rather disappointed at this, but upon reflection, remembered that it was another college chum, Mr. Clutch, from Newfoundland, with whom I used to laugh over it. I then asked, "did Dr. Cochran expel you or me from college?" "You," was the prompt reply. This fact I could not deny, and Foster laughed heartily at it. My father came again, and I asked him if he could not send a message to the Doctor, to convince him that his spirit could return to earth again. Foster immediately wrote off the following and handed to me: "It is my desire that the Doctor should investigate this beautiful truth, he will be benefitted by it." I then asked him if I should sell my Portland property. Foster wrote off the following reply and handed it to me: "I should advise you to sell part of the Portland property, and buy Westcock. Your Father,

WILLIAM BOTSFORD."

It is remarkable that when Foster wrote the name he spelt it with two t's, but when it was written under the table in both cases the name was spelt properly.

Jeremiah Botsford came again, and I asked him in what part of Scotland he had lived; he said, "near Edinburgh." I asked what was his occupation; he said, "a Doctor." I neglected to ask as I should have done, what the name of the place was, etc. Sarah came again, and I asked her if she were again with me at the photographers. She said, "yes." Was any one else with her? She said, "yes, mother, and you got a good picture." I then asked her if she were with me at Vogl's. She said, "yes." I asked if the delineations he made of the Portland property were correct. She said, "yes." I then asked if what he said of the corner of the lot was right. "Yes, and it was valuable." I asked her whose watch and chain this was (looking down at mine). Foster at once said, "Father's." I asked if he had any peculiar way of taking hold of it. He said, "yes, he twisted it with his thumb and finger, and moved the band up and down on it." This was literally true, but some of my unbelieving friends will say that Foster read this from my mind altogether. It may be so, but under all the circumstances surrounding my experience with Foster *I doubt it*, as he certainly could not have acquired from the same source the information as to Trimmingham, Drury, Edwin, and Haliburton. This was Wednesday morning, and having got my first photograph I left next morning for home.

I have given as correct an account of what occurred during all this time, as I could make by immediately writing down every thing on my return to my hotel. I held no communication or conversation with any one as to what I was doing. I do not pretend to explain these matters; but I well know that most of my readers will attempt to explain it all rather than admit that the spirits of the departed can return to earth, and will rather believe me crazy or under some malign delusion; but all this will not disturb the full and quiet belief of my own mind as to the truth of this doctrine.

GEO. BOTSFORD.

FREDERICTON, July 24, 1875.

At the bottom of page 16, the word "Botsford" should be "Bottsford."

SEQUEL
TO MY EXPERIENCE AT BOSTON,
IN JUNE AND JULY, 1875

I OMITTED to mention that Mr. Foster, the medium I referred to, had been honored, I believe, by interviews with Her Majesty the Queen, the Emperor of Russia, and the late Emperor of the French; and now holds letters of commendation and confirmation of his clairvoyant powers from some of the most distinguished of the nobility of England.

On the 29th June, at the time appointed, at his residence, 729 Tremont Street, Boston, Mr. Vogl gave me a written programme of his clairvoyant search, and had marked on the plan three distinct veins of magnetic iron ore, one of which it would pay to work, and would yield from 60 to 65 per cent. pure iron. He also, in my presence, marked a spot where he said there was, near the surface, a valuable bed of plaster, stating very positively that the place looked like, and in fact was, an abandoned *Buckwheat Field*, and asked if I knew whether Buckwheat had ever been grown there, which I did not. When speaking of this plaster I told him I did not know whether there was any such thing in the vicinity, but there was certainly plenty of limestone formation. He said "yes, and beneath that you will find marble." He also at the same time marked on the plan a place where he said there was a bed of some kind of clay, but he could not get *en rapport* with it sufficiently to say what it was, but it was valuable. He then wished me on my return home to pace off a certain distance from the corner of the lot along the lower line; then in another direction a certain further distance, and dig up a spadeful of the earth, which was of a reddish color, and forward him some of it for further examination. This was the corner I referred to in my question to my sister Sarah during my sitting with Foster.

On the 2nd July I returned home, and on the following 9th I went to Indiantown by steamer, and taking the street cars as far as the Suspension Bridge Road, I walked over to the property, and just as I was entering the road leading to the places so marked by Vogl, I met a laboring man coming down the

road. I partly passed him, but turning round I asked him if he were acquainted with the property about here. He said, "Yes," and that he lived near by. I then asked if he had ever known of a Buckwheat field here. He said, "Yes," and at once putting down his load, volunteered to show me where it had been. As we proceeded to the place he told me the person's name who, some *twenty-eight years* ago, had raised Buckwheat there for two years, but it had not been cultivated since, except a very small corner of it as a garden attached to a shanty, which was now all gone. We then came to the ground, and he shewed me the bounds of the old *Buckwheat field*, still distinct and marked, and upon referring to the mark on the plan as made by Vogl in Boston, I found it to correspond with it. I then asked this person if he could show me the corner between Mr. Charles Hazen's lot and mine. He said "Yes," and although the line fence had been removed, he shewed me the spot I wanted, and having paced off the distances as directed by Vogl I dug up a spade of the earth and forwarded some to him by express that evening.

On the 17th July I received a letter from Vogl, dated the 14th, in which he described the depth of the clay from the surface, stating also that there was fire clay in the vicinity. He also wished me to send him the plans again, which I did, and on the 4th August he returned them, with some additional marks indicating a stream of mineral water some 30 or 40 feet below the surface. At my interview with him he had mentioned an existing spring of water on the property, which was medicinal to some extent, and seemed like soda. Not knowing of any spring, except one on the harbor side of the lot, in one of my letters to him I called his attention to this fact, and marked its location on a sketch which I enclosed to him, but in his reply to me on 1st August he located the spring he meant as "*facing the falls of St. John, where the River makes a bend,*" the exact place where I was subsequently shown one by my workman, and in an entirely different portion of the property. I took some of the water of this spring with me, and when Dr. Smith, my Clairvoyant Physician, was entranced, I placed the vial in his hand, and he pronounced it to be excellent water, slightly tinged with sulphur and iron, but to no great degree medicinal, although in certain cases it might be beneficial.

On the 11th August I went again to Portland to set a man to work prospecting for the clay and plaster, who, upon my enquiring if any clay had been found thereabouts, said that it cropped out on the river's bank here and there in thin layers, and he took me to a spot on Mr. Hazen's property where in digging a drain it had appeared. This was about 100 yards from the place marked by Vogl. I then marked the place for him to dig for the clay, and after making an actual measurement of the place where Vogl had located the plaster, I found it came directly within the limits of the *old Buckwheat field*. I then directed the man to test both spots, but if he found either rock or water impediment, to stop until I saw him again. On the 26th August I went down again and found that he had met with a large flat rock near the surface where he had dug for clay, and had commenced to dig at the plaster location. I then tried some few yards up the line and struck a bed of clay about 3 or 4 feet below the surface. I subsequently sent a sample of this to Boston to have it tested. The day after I had discovered the clay, I received a letter from Vogl directing me to do just as I had done. I had previously informed him of meeting with the large rock. After digging at the place marked for plaster, he came to a large boulder, which being of very hard foundation, I did not care to blast, and I wrote to Vogl informing him of my progress, and on the 10th of September I received from him a letter giving the specific directions as to the *course and distance* from the centre of the excavation I had already made, and stating that I would find the plaster there, although it was under the large boulder too. I went down and measured off the distance and course, and set my man to work at it on the 12th September.

My workman was taken sick, and remained so for some time without informing me, so I have not yet proved the correctness of Vogl's location of the plaster formation; but his other statement as to the spring and the bed of clay (iron not yet tested) having proved so accurately true, I do not entertain a doubt but that it also will be found correct. It must be remembered that Mr. Vogl had never been in New Brunswick, and knew nothing of the property he clairvoyantly examined; and that I supposing there might be iron ore, consulted him with this *view only*, never dreaming that either clay or plaster was mixed up

with the iron stone boulders and limestone formation which abounded and seemed to cover nearly the whole surface of the land. Mr. Vogl also located a marble formation on my brother's portion of the property, not yet tested.

Discovering that I had made a mistake both as to distance and course in my former measurement, I again measured from the corner to the spot originally marked by Vogl on the plan, and found it corresponded exactly with that designated in his letter of the 10th September as above, and which is also within the limits of this old *Buckwheat field*.

The following is a copy of the programme referred to above of the 29th June: "The Clairvoyant examination reveals *three* separate and distinct veins of magnetic iron ore. The locality has been marked on the plan of the land. The richest of these three veins is the one located in and running through lot No. 88 to; 26 it would pay to work this vein. The next best vein is located opposite lot No. 95, and from thence extending as marked. The lightest vein of the three is located opposite lot No. 41, extending towards the land of Thomas Murray Hazen.

"The depth of these veins of ore is from 200 to 300 feet as marked. Examining still deeper you will find a good body of zinc blende. Indications of silver you will meet all along, but rest assured it will not be discovered in that locality in any paying quantity.

"There is a valuable bed of plaster to be located very nearly the centre of the $6\frac{1}{2}$ acre lot, which it will pay to work. This is quite near the surface.

"There is also near the far corner (lower right hand corner I mean) a bed of some kind of clay, which looks to me a deep red color, and which has commercial uses, but I do not get fully *en rapport*, but will examine this bed of clay for you from sample."

At the time Vogl handed me this programme he marked the plaster and clay deposit, and gave me the directions as stated above. The letter of July 14, above mentioned, contains the following: "The box with clay came duly to hand, and I was quite agreeably surprised on opening it to see its color: it corresponds exactly to the color I saw clairvoyantly. I get this report for you: There is a bed of valuable clay here which will make pottery of some description. I am shown this;

viz., all sorts of vases and flower pots of deep reddish brown color; you also have fire clay. This clay is near the surface the Controls tell me. You will have to scale off this layer of gravel and sand, and will easily reach the clay. I am told to tell you about 25 feet deep to clay. In my delineation I said that the plaster was quite near the surface, and as the scene comes up before me again, it certainly cannot be more than 20 to 30 feet, and it looks as if on the upper right hand corner of my X where I marked the dot; it must be almost cropping out of the ground. Your bed of clay will become lighter in color as you go down deeper, and consequently more valuable. I am told to assure you that this bed of clay will pay you well to work."

Being unacquainted with the commercial value of clay, Vogl in the same letter informed me that he took the sample to Mr. Edmonds, one of their largest manufacturers of drain pipe in Charleston, who gets his clay from New Jersey, and who gave him the following market prices; viz., Clays which are used for making jugs and demijohns rate about \$5 per ton; fire brick clay, from \$3 upwards; finer kinds of clay for pottery up to \$8 per ton; the best kinds are used in paper hangings and bring \$10 per ton.

On the 17th July, 1875, I wrote to Vogl as follows: "I send you stone taken from another property of mine up the river St. John, in the region of gold bearing quartz. I have marked on the small sketch the place where it was picked up by me yesterday, one piece quite high up on a hill, the other down by a small stream marked on the plan; there are some very curious upheavings and deep crater like holes all over this part of the country, and I am credibly informed that small pieces of gold-bearing quartz as well as gold dust have been picked up in the river which runs through these spots. The slate specimen appears to be the only fixed rock on the place, a piece of which I send for the purpose of localizing the fairvont view."

In July I received a letter from Vogl dated 24th, in which he wrote: "I have given this property a most searching investigation, and the result is that I am perfectly satisfied that there is not any gold here, nor is there any other mineral here that would make it desirable for you to retain this property. Your friends desire you to sell this property and take the funds

realized from its sale to develop the St. John property." "Let him devote the funds to the development of the clay and plaster beds; those rightly developed will constitute a fortune in themselves." I had a few days previous to this written to ask whom he meant by *my friends*. In reply, he wrote, "when I said 'your friends,' I was only repeating to you what my controls said to me and what I heard them say. I will endeavor to describe to you your inner circle of controlling spirits, as it will not only be a satisfaction to know this, but also be of great advantage for you to know this, when you may need help in the perplexing anxieties of this mortal life; so you may know who is nearest to you spiritually as guardians." He then proceeded: "First is presented to me an old gentleman, probably seventy or more," and gave a full and singularly accurate description of my father, next of my mother, third of my sister Sarah, concluding the description of the latter as follows: "She was what I call very good looking, and in one of these indescribable ways reminds me of that daughter of yours who is dark complexioned. This must be your sister; she is beautiful and very bright, and comes nearest to you of my spirit."

I may here say that I had never spoken to Vogt up to this time of my father, mother, or sister, or of my own children, further than listening to his description of them as before mentioned. It is very odd too that my wife had always remarked the likeness of our daughter Kate, the dark complexioned one, to my sister Sarah. I will now give the description in full of the last person as he wrote it to me: "Fourth, There is presented an elderly gentleman in uniform; he is light complexion, wears a moustache only, is bald, and his hair is straight and smooth and very grey, has deep blue eyes, and looks very florid and red in the face, complains of the heat, and uses his handkerchief freely to wipe his face, and laughs at me; was very polite and affable, but a restless man; always in a hurry, ready to go to the North Pole at a moment's notice, and lived and died in a hurry, says it was apoplexy. I guess you will know him. There have not been any names given me, and the spirits say, it is not needed, as you know all four; these form your inner circle."

Before I had read half through this description I thought I recognized the person, but when I came to the manner of his

death I was at fault again, as I thought he had died a lingering death.

I then wrote to Vogl to say that I did not know who the military man was, particularly on account of his sudden death. In a letter from Vogl dated 1st August, in reply he said: "I am desired to tell you that it was intended for your uncle, and when you come to investigate the cause of his death, you will find that he died quickly." Thus it remained, until a few days since I had an opportunity of learning from one who was present at his death, that he had died suddenly, having been up and about the day before his death. So now I have not the slightest doubt that it was an uncle of mine as I first thought, with whom as a boy I was a favorite, and who was a military man, of whom Vogl could never have heard, and whose name probably I had not mentioned for years to any one, except in my own family, although he had very frequently, and I may say unaccountably been in my thoughts. I do not remember his moustache, but in all other particulars the description could not be more in accordance with my vivid recollection of him; and I doubt not would be familiar with many others of his friends should they read the above.

Sep. 16th, Vogl wrote to me in answer to some inquiries as follows: "You are all right on the clay, but you don't have the main vein yet, which will be over 50 feet thick and almost inexhaustible."

Lest some of my very knowing friends might be led to find positive proof of some kind of humbug or deception in the delay in not receiving the account of testing the clay in Boston, which delay I certainly did not understand at the time, I must state, that on the 20th Sept., Vogl left Boston for a trip to some of the Western States for some 6 weeks, and did not return, I believe, until after the expiration of that time. I also left home on 24th Oct. for P. E. Island, and did not return until Dec. 1st, consequently our correspondence was interrupted. I was informed by letter from Vogl, that the truckman had misunderstood the directions he had received, and had carried the barrel of clay to a wrong person, where it remained until after Vogl's return, who, upon finding out the mistake, had it rectified, and on Dec. 6th, wrote to me saying, "this evening I feel just as happy as I can possibly feel; before me on the table stands a

little brown cup made out of your clay sample, and the first proof of the clay -- why, that little brown cup looks lovelier to me than if it were made out of pure gold -- here is a tangible evidence, and a decidedly practical result of clairvoyance. Mr. Edmands says he made this little cup with his own hands, -- it was subjected to the greatest heat, and stood the test splendidly. He says, so far as he can judge, it will make a very strong kind of ware, something like the ware made in England and Germany."

Last evening, 3d Feb. instant, I received by express from Boston, a small cup and tiny jug made from the clay I had forwarded; they certainly appear of a very firm and durable kind of pottery; but not having received Mr. Edmand's report of it, I thought I would try what a Clairvoyant medium would say about it, and when he was in trance I placed the jug in his hand, asking him what it was. He said it was a jug or vessel made of clay. I asked of what kind of clay; he replied, that he was not a mineralogist or geologist, but he knew it was of a very superior kind and very uncommon, not much of it having been discovered anywhere; he did not know what geologists would call it, but he called it adamantine clay; it was permeated all through with an imperceptible iron impregnated gas, and when exposed to heat it became almost like iron, very difficult to break, and impervious to water or acids, and was very valuable; and if in any quantity would be a fortune to its owner. He then asked me how it had been discovered. I said that I had been directed to it by a medium to which he; replied, he was glad of it, as it would go to prove the reality of clairvoyance.

Since writing the above I have received from Vogl a copy of Mr. Edmand's report from the Stone Drain Pipe Works, Charleston. He says they made a few pieces of ware in the form of jugs and cups, and burned them in their kilns, the articles being small stood the heat of our burning, and when drawn shows a dark but good body for common ware. They made too short pieces of drain pipe of it, and put in a kiln with New Jersey clay, but it failed; he however says from what experience they have had in this clay they think it may be of value, and good pipe manufactured of it by less heat than the Jersey clay requires, and be turned out in good marketable condition.

Before receiving Mr. Edmand's report from Vogl, I had writ-

ten to him, giving an account of the Clairvoyant's description of the value of the clay as above stated. On the 8th Feb. instant, I received his reply dated the 7th, wherein after giving me a copy of his report, he added, "we are no mineralogists, and cannot give an opinion in that regard. So far as its value is concerned, it is no more value to us than the clay we obtain at New Jersey, which cost there from \$1.75 to \$2.10 per ton of 2,240 pounds; freight, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per ton." I also wrote to Mr. Vogl giving him an account of what the medium said, who examined the cup and jug, and requested him to have another examination of the property, and on the 25th instant, received a letter from him dated the 18th, in which he writes, "The vision as I got it, and it now comes up again, is, men busily at work digging dark colored clay, and teams carting it to a vessel. Then the picture changes, and I see a long one story building with any quantity of windows in it, and many men and boys engaged in making plates, bowls, and all kinds of pottery ware. I can see the kiln for burning this crockery ware, and it resembles in color the English Wedgewood ware, and it is nearly white, with a deep bluish tinge, and has a clear metallic ring. That refers to the white clay. In another portion of the building I see men making crucibles and other fire proof articles of pottery ware."

I am well aware that very many persons will call this humbug or hallucination, &c., &c., but I insert it here that it may remain a record of what Mr. Vogl had clairvoyantly seen and described, in case some pottery should hereafter be established at this place for the manufacture of this clay.

I have gone more fully into this matter than I at first intended, but as what I had already published had caused a good deal of enquiry and discussion, I have deemed it as well to give a full detail, so that the reader may more satisfactorily judge for himself. As soon as the spring opens, I intend testing the plaster location, as well as the depth of the bed of clay.

Having already given a *general* account of some spirit photos, of which I sat to Mr. Mumler, I purpose now to give a detailed one for the consideration of such of my friends as take any interest in such things.

The arrangements being all made, and Mumler standing a little at one side, he said in rather a low tone of voice, "Are

there any spirit friends of this gentleman present?" Two or three raps, which could be distinctly heard all over the room, seemed to come from the floor or wall just in front of the camera. He said "*Let me know when you are ready.*" In a very short time, the raps came again, apparently from the same place, and he immediately took off the covering from the camera and waited some time longer than I had ever sat before for a photo, when he again covered the instrument, and took out the holder and went to his developing room, but returned soon, saying that he did not get a form. Having again arranged the camera, he crossed over to me, and taking hold of my hand, again asked as before if they were present, when the raps came at once, and he said, "Will you show yourself?" No reply was given. After waiting a few moments he again said, "Won't you try and do so?" Immediately the raps came again, from the same place, and whilst he had hold of my hand. He immediately let go and stepped over to the side of the camera, saying, "*Let me know when you are ready.*" In a very short space of time the raps came again. He uncovered the camera and stood for a few seconds, as it appeared to me, when the raps sounded again, and he at once covered the camera, took out the holder, and in a few minutes returned with the negative, showing two forms beside my own, which I now entertain not the slightest doubt were those of my sister Sarah, who has been dead some years, and my little son Frank, who died some eighteen years since. The likeness of the latter has been at once recognized by many who knew him, both in my household and outside. He is standing leaning over my shoulder, with his cheek against the side of my head and face.

On the 28th I again sat for a photo, and going through the same process as before, except that he did not take my hand, Mumler produced a negative with a female form standing behind me, which I fully believe to be my mother in her younger days. My brothers who have seen this do not, however, recognize it, although one or two of her old friends here have done so, but others think it resembles my younger sister Eliza, who died some forty years ago.

Having learned from a circular which Mumler gave me when I left Boston, that he could take photos with spirit forms, appearing together with a copy of an original photo of any per-

son, under certain conditions, after my return home I sent a photo of myself, taken by Flood in St. John, and fixed the 2nd of August at 9 o'clock, a. m., of the time here, for the sitting to take place. I gave him the latitude and longitude of this place to enable him to calculate the difference of time, according to his directions. At the time so arranged I sat quietly in my own room, fixing my mind as well as I could upon what was going on with Mumler in Boston; which I could very well do, having been so recently in his rooms there. After a few days I received a photo, showing me the three original photos, standing on a small table, which I remember having seen in his drawing-room; and in addition there appeared a full length figure of a man holding a wreath between the table and the camera, whilst behind the table appeared a female form. At first I was disappointed, as I had earnestly wished to see my father's likeness, and did not recognize it there; but upon a more minute examination I now clearly see that of my brother Chipman, and of my mother, but older than she appeared in the first photo. This picture has the same as yet unexplained characteristic as the others; viz., *one part is between the camera and the table, whilst the other part is wholly behind it.*

In September last I forwarded to Mumler a photo of my wife, fixing the time for sitting, &c., as in the previous case; and shortly after I received from him a photo showing the original and two other forms fully and most distinctly developed. One of them my wife at once recognized as an unmistakeable likeness of her mother, and the other of one of her uncles. Accidentally meeting with an old friend of her mother's family from Woodstock, where they had lived, I showed him this photo. He had no doubt about her mother's likeness, but thought the other was not so much like the uncle she thought it resembled as another of her uncles; but he had no doubt of the family likeness. I may hereafter publish some very curious incidents in connection with these photos, of which I have notes. I will here remark that eighteen months ago I was a most determined, and, I might say, rabid unbeliever and opponent of the doctrine of the return of *the spirits of the dead*; but after what I have since that time seen and heard I need scarcely say that my opinion is entirely changed. This doctrine, I find too, is neither new nor unorthodox, as it was undoubtedly believed and

taught by many of the ancient Fathers of the Church, by Bishops (distinguished ones too) of the Church of England, and by the celebrated founder of Methodism, the Rev. John Wesley. Besides which, both the Old and New Testaments plainly teach the same thing.

At the transfiguration the disciples must have seen the *spiritual* bodies only (1 Cor. xv. 44,) of Moses and Elias, in the former appearance of their natural bodies, as St. Paul said, flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, and the natural body, according to orthodox creeds, must remain in the grave until the last trump sounds; and they must have heard them speaking to Jesus (Matt. xvii. 3.) in the same way, that media of the present day see and hear the spirits of departed persons.

How plain and intelligible the otherwise mysterious story of the so called Witch of Endor becomes when read by the light of this Bible truth. This woman, no doubt, was a medium; viz., by organism she was clairvoyant and clairaudient. Saul having desired her to bring up Samuel, when the woman saw him, she cried with a loud voice and said, I saw Gods ascending out of the earth; and when Saul enquired "*what form is he of*," she said, "an old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle;" and Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself. Samuel having been addressed by Saul and after telling him what God was about to do, said, "*and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.*" (1 Sam. xxviii.) "*So Saul died and his three sons, and his armour bearer, and all his men that same day together.*" (ib. xxxi. 6.) This woman evidently saw and heard what Saul did not, and was the medium through whom this occurrence took place.

C. H. Fester, one of the most remarkable clairvoyant and clairaudient mediums of the present day, when in his normal state, in my interview with him before mentioned, clairvoyantly saw my brother, most accurately describing him, and giving me his name, and told me what he clairaudiently heard him say in answer to my question as to what had become of his son whom I supposed to be dead; viz., that he was alive and well in California." The correctness of this has not yet been ascertained, but I have no doubt of its truth.

I have heard it strongly objected against clairvoyance, that no mortal could ever be permitted to call up the spirits of departed persons at his own pleasure. Truthful mediums, I believe, make no pretensions to such a power, but are merely passive instruments under some unchanging law, by which God in his love and providence permits and directs such intercourse between departed spirits and spirits in the body. How very many persons there are who must and will admit that they have been strangely impressed at times, either to do or to leave undone some particular thing without knowing why or whence such impression came. And how many have had most vivid prescience of something about to happen, or that had already happened, which subsequent events have proved to have been strictly correct.

How consoling and beautiful the belief must be to those who can entertain it, that some of their departed loved ones, or some other ministering spirits, are constantly, and by God's *Providence*, guiding and watching over their footsteps in their journey through life.

The Bible from Genesis to Revelation. is full of such spirit guidance.

I recently received a letter from the brother of my friend, Inglis Haliburton, in reply to my inquiries as to the time and manner of his death, informing me that, "*in 1846 he sailed from Halifax on a trip to the Mauritius, and on his return home, in 1847, the ship called at Cienfuegos, Cuba, where he went on shore, and shortly after his return on board he was seized with fever, and died in a very short time, and was buried on the Island.*" At my sitting with Foster he told me that "*he died of sickness at sea, and was buried;*" and in making out my memoranda afterwards, supposing that as he died at sea, he must have been buried there too, I for brevity's sake wrote that he died and was buried at sea; thus the inaccuracy was mine, and not Foster's. In reference to what Foster had said of my friend Trimmingham's death, I wrote to two or three of his old friends in Halifax; and whilst they all agree that he was lost on a voyage from Halifax to Bermuda in 1832, none of them remembered either the name of the ship or captain, and do not agree as to the month of the year. In the newspapers of the day it seems that H. M.

Brig *Recruit*, Lieut. Hodges, sailed from Halifax on the 28th May, 1832, with the mail for Bermuda, but no passenger list is given. This vessel never reached Bermuda, and his friends in Halifax now think that he sailed in her. One of his most intimate friends and college chums, however, who is now in the United States, I believe, and who had been written to from Halifax on the subject, replied that he could not remember the name of the vessel, but she was a 10 gun brig; and he says "that it was not true that his mother, and the young lady to whom he was engaged, saw the vessel go down; but the vessel was sighted from the Signal Station at Bermuda, about sunset; that during the night a hurricane came up, and she was never seen again." He says also, "that he knows it was in the month of August." In a number of the "*Leisure Hour*" it is stated that in 1834 a spar was picked up at the Bahamas with the word "*Recruit*" stamped on it. If he sailed in August, as his friend says so positively he did, the name of the vessel and captain are still undecided; although I confess that my opinion inclines to the belief that it was the *Recruit*, Lt. Hodges, in which he sailed.

Having heard that an expression in reference to "atonement of blood" in my private memoranda, called forth an indignant denunciation from one of the pulpits of this city the other day, I will now state, for the further consideration of these high Ecclesiastics, that I do *not* believe that Almighty God, the Creator of the Universe, and by whom all things were made, shed *his blood* upon the cross to appease his *own anger* against the *creature of his own will* (man), and to redeem his offspring from the unending torment of fire and brimstone in Hell; to which, it is said, they are all subjected by the transgression of their first parents in eating the forbidden fruit in Eden; especially since *Christian Missionaries, modern travellers, and learned men* have brought to light authentic history—*written, monumental, and sculptured*, which conclusively attests the fact that several oriental nations not only believed in, but most devoutly worshipped, their respective *foretold, virgin-born, sin-atonning, crucified risen, and ascended* "Savior of the world," centuries before the birth of Christ. Nor do I believe that Christ ever taught this doctrine any more than he taught the violation of the purest and most holy law and principle of our nature (love), viz., that

a man could not become his disciple without hating his father, mother, wife and children (Luke xiv. 26); but I do believe that *whoever* is guided by the pure teachings of Christ and follow his example will find a happy entrance to a better life when his spirit leaves this body, be his creed what it may. Nor do I believe that any "*living soul*" (Gen. ii. 7.) essentially existing by and of the spirit of God, can be eternally lost; although *Christian Ministers* have preached and written that "Hell is paved with the skulls of unbaptized infants"! "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." (Eccles. xii. 7.) Solomon does not seem here to teach the re-creation of the mortal tenement of the spirit for future life. "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." (Gen. v. 24.) According to St. Paul, Enoch's natural body could not enter Heaven; his spiritual body therefore must be with God. Moses does not tell us what became of his mortal body; must this mortal casket be reconstructed before Enoch can join in never ending praises with the Angels in Heaven? "And the Lord God said unto Adam, cursed is the ground for thy sake," &c. (Gen. iii. 17.) "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." (ib. 19.) Can the *living soul* be included in this doom? Whatever may be the probation of erring mortals either in this present life, or in the future, I believe that in the end *all* God's works will glorify *Him*, and *He* will be *ALL* and in *ALL*.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Mat. vii., 16. "Every tree is known by his fruit." Mat. xii., 33. "And they were judged *every man according to their works.*" Rev. xx., 13.

"The last enemy that *shall be destroyed* is death." I. Cor. xv. 26. If millions upon millions of its victims (*living souls*) are to remain in the torments of the orthodox Hell to all eternity, how can death be said to be destroyed?

FREDERICTON, February, 1876.